

Idina Menzel, I'm Not That Girl

Hands touch
Eyes meet
Sudden silence
Sudden heat
Hearts leap in a giddy whirl
He could be that boy
But I'm not that girl

Don't dream
Too far
Don't lose sight of
Who you are
Don't remember that rush of joy
He could be that boy
But I'm not that girl

Every so often we long to steal
To the land of what might have been
But that doesn't soften the ache we feel
When reality sets back in

Blithe smile
Lithe limb
She who's winsome
She wins him
Gold hair with a gentle curl
That's the girl he chose
And heaven knows
I'm not that girl

Don't wish
Don't start
Wishing only wounds the heart
I wasn't born for the rose and pearl
There's a girl I know
He loves her so
I'm not that girl